Choice Poetry.

Kansas.

BY ISAAC COX.

The western star, now gleaming bright,
Reveals a glorious land,
Where beauty and plenitude unite
To bless the laborer's hand.

Its hills and vales, and flowing streams,
What riches they possess;
Its wide extent exhaustless teems
With wealth and loveliness.

'Tis Kansas land that greets our eye,
So fertile and so blest;
Go forth, ye sons of enterprise,
To the Eden of the West.

Its ample fields your hands invite,
Ye tillers of the soil,
Where, with the magic of your might,
Fortunes shall bless your toil.

Ho! brothers of each honest trade,
Join the exulting band,
That freedom's sons, of every grade,
May share this blissful land;

And build thereon a State of power,
In wisdom love and peace,
Where happy hearts forevermore
In blessings shall increase.

Then raise the standard—let it bear
Our banner on its breast,
With one more star to greet the air—
The new Star of the West.

Agricultural.

Pasture and Tillage Fifty Years Hence

The following well-written article gives an interesting view of the progress of tillage in this country, and points out the regions that will be occupied for grazing, in distinction from the grain-growing States, half a century hence, when our population will be nearly a hundred millions. The article is from the Louisville Journal:

It may be regarded by persons, who have not thought on the subject, as evincing a disposition to take trouble on trust, when we aver that the day is not very far distant when we must seek other lands, even west of the present western States, for pastoral purposes. Cattle and sheep cannot be advantageously grown, although they may be fattened, on land that is needed for agricultural purposes. It is unprofitable to produce them on land valuable for its grain-growing qualities. In years past the State of Ohio was regarded as the great pasture ground of the West, on which flocks and herds could and would be produced in vast profusion. The tide of population swelled in from the East, and these lands, which had been used as pasture ground, now yield tribute to the plow. The husbandman dispossessed the herdsman, and the latter went further west. The vast prairies of Illinois invited him to bring his flocks and herds thither, where he might enjoy almost boundless space, covered with luxuriant grass, planted there by the hand of God, perpetuated by his care, and to be enjoyed without cost, free as the air of Heaven. Here on these western prairies it was thought an ever-enduring pasturage was to be had. But the railroad and steam whistle invaded the naked solitude of the mighty prairies, and man is now actively occupied in subduing the rank fertility of their native grasses, and suiting the soil to the growth of the cereals. Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri have within their borders vast areas which for very many years to come may be used as pastures, on which will be bred and grown stock cattle, horses, and sheep, that will afterwards be fattened in Kentucky and Ohio, and sold for consumption in the markets of the Atlantic States. But these lands will become too valuable from their grain-producing qualities always to remain devoted to cattle husbandry. The increasing demand for grains, the natural food of man, and also the requisite properly to fatten animals, will ultimately cause all of the limestone formation of the valley of the Mississippi to be devoted to the culture of the cereals.

Wheat may be regarded as the first necessity of man. So high has this commodity been ranked among man's wants, that some political economists have been disposed to regard it as the regulator of the ultimate standard of values. Be this as it may, wheat is an article of such prime necessity that its production must ever be regarded as essential to the proper sustenance of man; and lands that produce it in tolerable profusion will always attain a high value. It is known that the wheat-bearing properties of lands are soon exhausted and require constant renewals by the chemical action of properly applied agents. The rich loams and calcerous clays of the secondary formations of the mid-valley of the Mississippi furnish the agents by which the wheat and grain-growing properties of the soil can be indefinitely continued. It only requires that man shall have scientific knowledge enough to know how to avail himself of the means of reproduction that nature has placed at his disposal.

We conclude, then, from what has been said, that all the region of country from the western slope of the Alleghany Mountains, to the termination of the limestone formation on the great plains west of the Mississippi river, will ultimately be devoted to growing vegetable food and clothing for man's use.

In the compendium from the census report recently published by De Bow, there are calculations predicated on various ratios of the growth of the population of the United States. Taking the ratio of increase of population between 1840 and 1850, and applying it to decennial periods, the population of the United States, in the year 1900, (only 45 years from this time,) it is estimated, will be 76,371,462 souls. There will then be over forty millions of people in the valley of the Mississippi. This vast population will require the appropriation of all the grain-producing land for its own use.

Where, then, it may be asked, are to be bred and grown to a useful age all the cattle, horses, and sheep that will be needed at that time for this vast population? The answer is at hand. In that vast region of country which intervenes between the western boundary of the Territory of Kansas and the Rocky Mountains, including Texas, New Mexico, and all the Indian territory south of the Missouri river, the Providence of God seems to have furnished this nation with everlasting pasture and grazing grounds, commensurate in extent with the magnitude of the wants it must ultimately be called on to supply.

According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the annual consumption of wool in this country is two hundred millions of pounds, of which we only furnish sixty millions, leaving a deficiency of one hundred and forty millions of pounds. In the year 1900, we shall require at least 800,000,000 of pounds of wool. The adaptation of the climate and soil of New Mexico to the business of sheep-growing has been established beyond controversy by the test of long-continued successful experience. Vast flocks of sheep were reared there while that country was under Spanish and Mexican rule, and recently immense numbers of them have been grown and driven to California for sale.

The names of Carson, Walker, Aubrey, and others, are chronicled as the drovers of vast flocks of these animals across the plains to feed the people on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada.—There is scarcely a limit to the amount of sheep that can be grown on those arid plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi. The strong soil, the dryness of the climate, the mildness of the temperature, and the rich and fattening qualities of the short, nutritious musqueet grass that is indigenous to the soil, eminently adapt it to the purposes that Providence has designed it to fulfill—that of pasture ground.

Our two seaboards are separated by a comparative desert, and a disproportionate amount of our capital and labor is expended in traveling round this wild ground, instead of going through and over it, leaving the traces of a teeming and abundant growth behind. The tide of migration which advanced with such rapid steadiness from the Atlantic to the Kansas, and from the Pacific to the Sierra Nevada, halts visibly on the eastern and western threshold of the intervening wilderness. The shining metal which drew the settler over to the California coast fails on the summit of the range, and the navigable rivers which carried the steamboat westward to and beyond St. Louis are wanting beyond. But what is a greater obstacle than all, the fertility of the soil, which carried the restless Yankee from clearing to clearing, ceases at this remarkable limit, and with it the arena on which the lessons of Yankee tradition have hitherto availed us. It has hitherto been an open question whether we are more of an agricultural or more of a trading nation, but that we are either or both was universally conceded. But here there is no basis either for commerce or for agriculture; no natural highways and no natural fertility. Our skill at clearing, improving, swopping, and bargaining, no longer suffices; we must either confess that there is one thing, after all, which the Yankee cannot do, or show that we have the talents necessary for a nomadic life as well as for a "settling" one. Plains, herbage, thin soils, and piping winds command us to be Tartars. The horse, the tent, and perhaps the camel must take their place as national emblems, beside the plow, the loom, and the anvil.

We have shown ourselves as a people equal to the fortune of gold hunting and mining. Why may we not adapt ourselves to the partial nomadic habits necessary to the successful prosecution of sheep and cattle husbandry on the plains?

The government must soon adopt some new course of policy in reference to the Indians that inhabit these desolate regions. Wild game, on which they have heretofore subsisted, is becoming scarce, and they must either starve, become robbers, or learn to work. Why may they not be taught to become shepherds? The easy, wandering life which the pursuit requires is in unison with their natural nomadic habits.

It is shocking to humanity to have to admit that these red men must be exterminated. Shall we not make an effort to succor and to save them from extinction?

In this way we may save the poor Indians from extermination, and also lay the foundation of the future vast wealth of animal husbandry which time must ultimately develop in that now vast and barren region.

These vast plains, seemingly barren, have been placed there by Providence for wise and useful purposes, and they afford another illustration of the truth of the remark made by De Tocqueville, that the Mississippi valley is the most magnificent dwelling-place ever prepared on earth by God for man's abode.

Machinery in Farming—Its Necessity.

It is not enough that farmers avail themselves of all advantages which chemistry affords in its application to their art; it is not enough that they learn to save as much as possible of the manures made on their premises, and the best method of applying these, and also purchased and specific manures; it is not enough that they should know at what season and to what depth their soil should be cultivated. They must perform as many of the operations of farming by machinery as machinery can be made to perform to advantage.

There is no other way in which agriculture can keep pace in respectability, pleasure, and profit with other arts.—Without this expedient, it will be outstripped by them, and sink steadily in comparative rank.

By machinery, as we use the word here, we mean all mechanical contrivances which can be substituted for manual labor, and combined with manual labor so as greatly to increase its productiveness; and the policy which we recommend includes, also, animal labor, and as a more powerful co-operator with it.

So far as a horse or ox can be made to do the work of five men, the horse or ox earns the product of five men's labor for the employer. If one man cultivates as much corn, and cultivates it as well, with one horse attached to a cultivator, as his neighbor cultivates with ten hoes in the hands of ten men, it is easy to see which is traveling fastest on the road to wealth.

So in cutting grass, in planting and harvesting grain, in shelling corn, and in various other operations on the farm, machines can do the work for a small per centage of the cost of manual labor.—*American Courier.*

Rain Water and Cisterns.

The great mass of country residents seem to have no more conception of the enormous floods of clear, pure rain water, that annually pour off the roofs of their dwellings, wood-houses, barns, sheds, and other out-buildings, than if they never heard of such huge watering-pots as the clouds in the sky. If all rain which falls in the northern States within a year should remain upon the surface of the earth without sinking into it and running off, it would form an average depth of about three feet. In the southern States it would be more; in the American tropics it would amount to about ten feet; and near Bombay, in Asia, to twenty-five feet.

Every inch of rain that falls on a roof yields two barrels to every space ten feet square; and 72 barrels are yielded by the annual rain in this climate on a single surface. A barn thirty by forty feet, yields annually 364 barrels—this is enough for more than two barrels a day for every day in the year. Many of our medium landlords have, however, at least five times that amount of roofing on their dwellings and other buildings yielding water, or about twelve barrels or one hundred and fifty ordinary pailfulls, daily. A very small portion of this great quantity is caught in the puny and contemptible cisterns and tubs placed to catch it; but full-sized capacious reservoirs, fit to hold this downward deluge, we know not where to find, even in a single instance!

It is true, that where a constant draught is made on a cistern, it need not hold the full year's supply—even one-sixth part will, in general, answer, as the variations in the wet and dry seasons do not often amount to more than the rain of two months.—*New York Cultivator.*

Miscellaneous.

Buffalo Hunting.

These noble animals of the ox species, and which have been so well described in our books on natural history, are a subject of curious interest and great importance in this vast wilderness; rendered peculiarly so at this time, like the history of the poor savage; and from the same consideration, that they are rapidly wasting away at the approach of civilized man, and, like him and his character, in a very few years to live only in books or on canvas.

The word buffalo is undoubtedly most incorrectly applied to these animals, and we can scarcely tell why they have been so called; for they bear just about as much resemblance to the eastern buffalo, as they do to a zebra or to a common ox. How nearly they may approach to the bison of Europe, which we never have had an opportunity to see, and which we are inclined to think is now nearly extinct, we are unable to say; yet, if we were to judge from the numerous engravings we have seen of those animals, and descriptions we have read of them, we should be inclined to think that there was yet a wide difference between the bison of the American prairies and those in the north of Europe and Asia. The American bison, or (as we shall hereafter call it) buffalo, is the largest of all the ruminating animals that are now living in America, and seems to have been spread over the plains of this vast country by the Great Spirit for the use and subsistence of the red men, who live almost exclusively on their flesh, and clothe themselves with their skins. Their color is a dark brown, but changing very much as the season varies from warm to cold; their hair, or fur, from its great length in the winter and spring, and exposure to the weather, turning quite light, and almost to a jet black when the winter coat is shed off and a new growth is shooting out.

The buffalo bull often grows to the enormous weight of 2,000 pounds, and shakes a long and shaggy black mane, which falls in great profusion and *confusion* off his head and shoulders, and oftentimes falling down quite to the ground. The horns are short, but very large, and have but one turn, *i. e.*, they are a simple arch, without the least approach to a spiral form, like those of the common ox, or of the goat species.

The female is much smaller than the male, and always distinguishable by the peculiar shape of the horns, which are made smaller and more crooked, turning their points more in towards the center of the forehead.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the buffalo is the peculiar formation and expression of the eye, the ball of which is very large and white, and the iris jet black. The lids of the eye seem always to be strained quite open, and the ball rolling forward and down, so that a considerable part of the iris is hidden below the lower lid, while the pure white of the eyeball glares out over it in an arch, in the shape of a moon at the end of its first quarter.

The almost countless herds of these animals that are sometimes met with on these prairies have been often spoken of by other writers, and may yet be seen by any traveler who will take the pains to visit these regions. The "running season," which is in August and September, is the time when they congregate into such masses in some places as literally to blacken the prairies for miles together.

The chief hunting amusement of the Indians in these parts consists in the chase of the buffalo, which is almost invariably done on horseback, with bow and lance. In this exercise, which is highly prized by them as one of their most valued amusements, as well as for being the principal mode for procuring meat for their subsistence, they become exceedingly expert, and are able to slay these huge animals with apparent ease.

The Indians in these parts are all mounted on small but serviceable horses, which are caught by them in the prairies, where they are often found running wild in numerous bands. The Indian, mounted on his little wild horse, which has been through some years of training, dashes off at full speed among the herds of buffaloes, elks, or even antelopes, and deals his deadly arrows to their hearts from his horse's back. The horse is the fleetest animal of the prairie, and easily brings his rider alongside of his game, which falls a certain prey to his deadly shafts at the distance of a few paces.

In the chase of the buffalo, or other animal, the Indian generally "strips" himself and his horse by throwing off his shield and quiver, and every part of his dress which might be an incumbrance to him in running; grasping his bow in his left hand, with five or six arrows drawn from his quiver, and ready for instant use. In his right hand (or attached to the wrist) is a heavy whip, which he uses without mercy, and forces his horse alongside of his game at the swiftest speed.

These horses are so trained that the Indian has little use for the rein, which hangs on the neck, whilst the horse approaches the animal on the right side, giving his rider the chance to throw his arrow to the left, which he does at the instant when the horse is passing, bringing him opposite to the heart, which receives the deadly weapon "to the feather." When pursuing a large herd, the Indian generally rides close in the rear until he selects the animal he wishes to kill, which he separates from the throng as soon as he can, by dashing his horse between it and the herd and forcing it off by itself, where he can approach it without the danger of being trampled to death, to which he is often liable by too closely escorting the multitude.

No bridle whatever is used in this country by the Indians, as they have no knowledge of a bit. A short halter, however, which answers in the place of a bridle, is in general use; of which they usually form a noose around the under jaw of the horse, by which they get great power over the animal, and which they use generally to *stop* rather than *guide* the horse. This has great power in arresting the speed of a horse, though it is extremely dangerous to use too freely as a guide, interfering too much with the freedom of his limbs for the certainty of his feet and security of his rider.

When the Indian, then, has directed the course of his steed to the animal which he has selected, the training of the horse is such that it knows the object of its rider's selection, and exerts every muscle to give it close company, while the halter lies loose and untouched upon its neck, and the rider leans quite forward and off from the side of his horse, with his bow drawn, and ready for the deadly sport, which is given the instant he is opposite to the animal's body.

The horse, being instinctively afraid of the animal, (though he generally brings his rider within the reach of the end of his bow,) keeps his eye strained upon the furious enemy he is so closely encountering; and the moment he has approached to the nearest distance required, and has passed the animal, whether the shot is given or not, he gradually sheers off to prevent coming on to the horns of the infuriated beast, which often are instantly turned and presented for the fatal reception of its too familiar attendant. These frightful collisions often take place, notwithstanding the sagacity of the horse, and the caution of its rider; for in these extraordinary, and inexpressible, exhilerations of chase which seem to drown the prudence alike of instinct and reasoning, both horse and rider often seem rushing on to destruction, as if it were a mere pastime and amusement.

In our plate we have presented a party of Indians in chase of a herd, some of whom are pursuing with lance, and others with bows and arrows. The group in the foreground shows the attitude at the instant after the arrow has been thrown and driven to the heart; the Indian at full speed, and the lasso dragging behind his horse's heels. The lasso is a long thong of raw hide, of ten or fifteen yards in length, made of several braids or twists, and used chiefly to catch the wild horse, which is done by throwing over their necks a noose which is made at the end of the lasso, with which they are "choked down." In running the buffaloes, or in time of war, the lasso drags on the ground at the horse's feet, and sometimes several rods behind, so that, if a man is dismounted, which is often the case, by the tripping or stumbling of the horse, he has the power of grasping to the lasso, and, by stubbornly holding on to it, of stopping and securing his horse, on whose back he is instantly replaced and continuing on it the chase.

Magnanimity.

We commend the following article from the Boston *Herald*, to the consideration of that class of persons, of whom, there are some, we regret to say, in this vicinity:

This is one of the noblest as well as rarest of human virtues. Without it, there can be no such thing as excellence of character. No matter what else a man possesses, if he be not magnanimous, he is wanting in the chief essential of human life. The magnanimous man may be emulous, but he cannot be envious. He is therefore at ease under all circumstances—gratified at whatever good may occur to others, and sympathizing with the ills which his fellow-men may be called upon to endure.

Nor is it alone as a matter of self-discipline that magnanimity should be cultivated. As a mere matter of policy, it is the wisest course to pursue. Instead of being envious of others, the better course is always to cheerfully accord them all the merit which may be their due. If they refuse the same meed to us, they do not injure us. Our merit is in deserving praise, not in receiving it; and the more indifferent we are to the proposed injury, the more shall we be esteemed by the thinking portion of the community.

The feverish desire which is exhibited by too many people for public approbation is a very bad sign, and is almost always abortive. The public are discerning, whatever may be said of them.—In the long run they estimate men and things correctly. If a man courts their praise, they are generally disinclined to award it; for they judge, and rightly too that if a man is conscious that his aims are good and his acts meritorious, he ought to be content to await the indorsement of his fellows. If he is impatient, they pronounce him vain; and if, in attempting to rise, he tramples upon others, they are very slow to assist him up the ladder.

Many a man in attempting to better his condition, by decrying the merits of his competitor, has so injured himself that the public would not recognize his own merits; but sympathizing with his opponent, caused him to fail in his endeavors. And this is not confined to humble life. At the bar, in the medical arena, in the pulpit, and among statesmen, we find numerous instances where men have been ruined for want of magnanimity alone.—The people never did, they never will sympathize with those who misrepresent others, or who attempt to diminish their real merits. On the other hand, that man who is always fair, always just, nay more, always magnanimous, has his own short-comings excused on account of the admitted excellence of his character.

There is an old maxim that "two of a trade cannot agree;" in other words, that they will be envious of each other. We observe numerous examples of the truth of this in our daily intercouse. If you go into a store to purchase an article which the proprietor is out of, there are ten chances to one that he will not direct you to a neighbor whom he knows has the very thing you are in pursuit of. You at length find what you wanted, and mentally resolve you will not afterwards patronize a shopkeeper who refuses to communicate what you desired to know, because he might thereby assist a neighbor in the same line of trade.

This world is so constituted that nobody ever gets anything by meanness; and yet meanness, to a greater or less extent, preponderates, especially among the trading world. But observers take notice, and shun those who practice it. It is far better to be magnanimous and help others, whether they help us or not. The wise always do this, but, unfortunately, the "fools are not all dead yet."

How often have we observed meanness practiced by those in temporary power over their inferiors for the time being. And how often have we observed these inferiors at length rising into the high places of society, and the dispensers of bounty to those who have arbitrarily injured them when they possessed that power. And how often have we seen persons recklessly calumniating others whom they thought too insignificant ever to be of service to them, and after a series of years, and a change of circumstances, lamenting that they had forfeited their favor by their former imprudence.

It costs nothing to be magnanimous at all times. As a matter of mere policy, it pays better than any other investment. And what is more than all, and above all, it ennobles the character and insures a man the only respect he cannot do without—self-respect. Without this, titles, rank, riches, are mere baubles but the self-respect which flows from magnanimity of character throws a luster over one's whole existence, and not only gives a capacity for the highest enjoyment, but enables one to promote the welfare of others, which, reflected upon himself, insures the only elevated happiness of which human nature is capable.

Senator Chase.

Observing that several presses in Ohio are enthusiastically calling for the nomination of Senator Chase, as candidate for the office of Governor in that State, we transfer to our columns the following sketch, furnished by one of his classmates to the Boston Traveler, one of the editors of which was also a classmate of his:

"Salmon P. Chase was born at Cornish, N. H., in 1808. His father died while he was quite young; but, though the means of the family were not ample, that did not prevent his having a classical education. When in his fifteenth year, he entered a college in Ohio, of which his uncle, the late Bishop Philander Chase, was President. Two years after, he became a member of the junior class in Dartmouth College, and completed his course with that class in 1826.—Though one of the youngest, and with the disadvantage of being a late comer, he ranked among the first six or eight at his graduation. And that, though he was rather a miscellaneous reader than a student, spending but a small portion of his time on the class studies, and but moderately ambitious of a high rank in college. Had he been with the class from the first, and applied himself with half the closeness of some to the studies assigned, or had all remained together a year or two longer, he would probably have distanced most of their number.

"Mr. Chase is remembered as an agreeable companion, a lover of fun, of the strictest integrity, and a high sense of honor, which preserved him from everything vicious, while some others were tempted to their ruin.

"It has been no surprise to his classmates that he has become distinguished. So far from it, the expectation was, that should he live many years, he would not die unknown. There were not only his strong intellectual traits, and moral qualities, and religious principles, deeply implanted in the latter part of his college course, to justify the expectation, but his very nature and all his movements showed that, however careless then, he would be something in the world. It was not like him to boast of what he meant to be, or to do, but just like him to become what he has.

"On leaving college, dependent on his own exertions, with nothing to aid him at starting, Mr. Chase went to Washington, where he had an uncle in the United States Senate. For a time he was engaged in teaching children of some of the most distinguished men there, among them those of William Wirt, in whose office he studied, and in whose family he was familiar. In the spring of 1830 he was admitted to the bar, and went directly to Cincinnati, where he commenced, and has since continued, the practice of his profession. The first two years there he has sometimes represented as spent to little purpose; but he could not have been an idler, however it may have been as to the business of his profession. He then determined to do, himself, for Ohio, what was done about the same time by a committee appointed by the Legislature, for Massachusetts, revise the Statutes of the Commonwealth. In about three years after the work was published in three volumes, favorably received by the Legislature, and brought him at once into desirable notice throughout the State.

"His business increased rapidly. Eight or ten years since he argued an important slave case before the Supreme Court at Washington. I remember having seen the argument in print, and to have thought it one of great ability. Since his election to the Senate of the United States, six years ago, his deeds have been well known, and done him honor.

"It is much to be regretted that Mr. Chase should not be continued in the Senate beyond one term. The knowledge of public affairs, and the experience gained in that time, would enable him to exert an influence not possible to one, though of equal ability, without such experience. Men of like integrity, noble bearing, and devotement to the business of his station, are not so numerous that one of them can well be spared from the councils of the nation in our times. It is not, however, the people of Ohio, but her party politicians, that have given his place to another. Were the question *now* to be decided, that other would not succeed to his seat in the Senate.

"Mr. Chase stands six feet and two inches, perfectly erect and finely proportioned, and was said, the last session, by a letter-writer at Washington, to be the most noble-looking man in the Senate. He is fit, 'every inch of him,' to be a President. G."

Land Monopoly.

That every human being should desire land enough, if well cultivated, to raise the necessaries of life, is the normal exercise of inhabitiveness, and, therefore, right, but more than this will curse him and his posterity. Very large farms generally pay small profits, because poorly tilled, for hirelings WILL NOT till land as owners will. By an ordinance of nature, great possessions in lands, as in everything else, are disastrous to owners by overloading them with care; or, if leased out to tenants, they will ruin the land, let it grow up to bushes, and allow fences to become poor, make no improvements, plant no trees, and thus render it profitless to owner and tenant. Land, like air and water, is the inherent birthright of all; yet for a few to own large tracts deprives the many of small ones, and throws them upon merciless landlords in large cities. This "grab all the land you can, and hold fast all you get," is ruinous to owner and the entire body politic, and should be interdicted by law, either by loading these lands with heavy taxes, or else by a direct prohibitory statute, while pre-emption rights to actual settlers should be freely granted.

☞ There is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury.

Legal Anecdote.

We are quite sure that the case we are about to report never found its way into any of "the books;" it occurred in this city about thirty years ago:

A gentleman fond of sporting having broken a part of the lock of his fowling-piece, sent it to a gunsmith to undergo the requisite repairs. The gunsmith mended it as ordered, and sent it back to the owner, with the message that his charge was one dollar. Shortly afterwards the sporting gentleman went a hunting, and upon the first discharge the gun broke in the identical place where it had been mended.

It may be imagined that he returned to town not in the most amiable humor; and on repairing to the gunsmith's an altercation ensued between them, the result of which was, that the gentleman refused to pay the bill, and the gunsmith swore he would sue, which he accordingly did forthwith. The suit happened to be brought before Mr. N——, who was then a Justice of the Peace. The sporting gentleman upon receiving the citation, hastened in great wrath to lawyer H——, and stated his case.

"Pooh, pooh," said lawyer H., "don't pester me with your one dollar case; go and pay the claim."

The sporting gentleman reiterated his determination not to pay the claim unless "in due course of law," and declared that he would defend the suit, cost what it would. "Well," said lawyer H., "if you insist upon my appearing for you, I shall charge you twenty dollars for my services." The sportsman intimated his willingness to pay the fee. "But," said lawyer H., "I must have my fee in advance, for when the suit is finished, I am afraid you will 'demur' to pay me twenty dollars in a one dollar suit."

The twenty dollar bill instantly passed from the sportsman's pocket into the lawyer's hand, and the necessary answer was soon filed. The case came on for trial; the plaintiff and defendant were present with their counsel, and as usually happens, the parties worried their lawyers, the witnesses, and the Court. For four mortal hours the wordy altercation was kept up, until the patience of the worthy Justice being completely exhausted, and his mind sorely perplexed by the conflicting arguments of the advocates, he abruptly put an end to the case in the following novel manner:

With despair and vexation pictured on his countenance, he exclaimed with terrific vehemence: "*Mr. Gunsmith!—here is your dollar!*" at the same time throwing him the coin, and turning to the lawyers, "*Gentlemen,*" said he, "*there are no costs in this case!*" Thereupon the Court adjourned.

Both parties afterwards expressed themselves satisfied with the decision; the gunsmith because *he* had received his claim, and the sportsman because *he* had not paid the debt.

Young Lawyers.

Ardent young men, fresh from the schools, in their daily attempts at the bar, are very apt to adopt a flowery, bombastic style of language and sentiment.—There is, indeed, in a multitude of instances at the bar, a strong temptation to magnify and embellish things essentially trival, beyond all reasonable bounds; and the sanguine young lawyer, especially anxious to make the most powerful efforts, becomes flowery and bombastic before he is aware.

But seldom is such a pleader more sharply dealt with by senior brothers, than in the case following:

There was, in a certain town of our residence in years gone by, a young lawyer, who had studied the poets more than the legal writers of the age, and who availed himself of every opportunity of displaying his poetical acquirements, by quoting from Byron, Milton, Young, and other verse makers. He was once employed on a criminal case, and, as usual, launched forth in a flowery speech, quoting all the poets, both known and unknown, until he had worked the jury up into such a state of excitement, that they were ready to render the verdict in his favor *instanter*. The State's Attorney, who was a very plain, straightforward man listened quietly to the whole speech, and seemed much pleased with the happy effort of his young opponent. Slowly rising from his seat after his speech was ended, he said:

"May it please the Court, and gentlemen of the Jury, I have for more than twenty years practiced in this Court, and knew not until my young brother's appearance at the bar, that every lawyer had to contribute his share of rhyme, and I beg your kind indulgence of my ignorance of this new style of pleading. I know but one piece of rhyme, and would not have recollected that, had not a friend of mine been wicked enough to perpetrate a parody upon it. It was written for a fisherman, and I give it for the benefit of the Court, who will please excuse its inappropriateness, as I have nothing better to contribute.

'His pole was made of the sturdy oak,
And his line a cable that never broke;
He baited his hook with tigers' tails,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whales.'

"My friend, whose couch was infested with a species of insects which is noted for its biting and skipping propensities, altered it to the following:

'His pole was made of the peacock's feather,
And his line was composed of the finest tether,
He baited his hook with mites of cheese,
And sat on his bed to bob for fleas.'"

This burlesque, we need not say, was received with roars of laughter, and the discomfitted young lawyer retired, having the mortification of hearing a verdict rendered against his client.

Virtue in Man.

We love to believe there is more moral goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than would the finding of a diamond. There is goodness—real and unselfish—in the heart, and we have often seen it manifest itself, to the making of a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven. For him who is always picking out flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympathy.—He reminds us of those birds which resort to dead and decayed limbs of trees to feast on worms. In the characters of most men we shall find more good than evil, more kindness than hate—and why should we pick out the flaws, and pass over the sterling traits of character?—We hold this to be the true doctrine: to portray real goodness and hold it up to the gaze and admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to remain in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe that we should have thousands of such characters living and loving around us.

☞ Good resolutions are like fainting ladies—they want to be carried out.

Select Poetry.

From the Springfield Republican.

To Our Folks at Home.

New England! aye, New England! I come from there, I guess,
And so I think that I may say it's quite a likely place;
'Tis true the stones are pretty thick, the hills are pretty high,
But then the men are pretty smart, the boys uncommon spry.

And then the girls, O, dear me sus! I think they can't be beat;
I'd rather have a smack from one than eat the finest wheat;
They very early learn to spin, and bake and brew and sew,
And make the very best of wives, (there's *one* that does, I know.)

And there is Plymouth Rock, you know, the school-house and the mill;
And there you'll find the meetin' house, and there is Bunker Hill;
And there the men in olden time determined to be free;
For that was what they fought about, and not the pound of tea.

The cattle browse upon the hills, and find good picking too,
For labor's sturdy arm is there, and that will put it through;
'Tis there the corn and pumpkins grow, and there they raise the beans,
And all the folks that love to work can live like kings and queens.

The men both hold and drive the plow, and by the plow they thrive.
They want no sluggards in the field, no drones within the hive;
Who will not toil must never eat, each son and daughter feels,
The very streams are made to work and turn the factory wheels.

To cultivation of the soil the farmer's not confined,
He takes the weekly newspaper and cultivates the mind;
The boys and girls, so rosy-cheeked, are bright as well as merry,
They study Webster's Spelling Book, and buy the Dictionary.

O, that's the land of singing-schools, of apple-bees, and sich,
And there, when boys get off the *track*, their fathers use the *switch*;
The hoary head is honored there—youth will not age despise—
For there ('twas so when I was young) they learn the catechise.

These western folks may talk about their mighty streams and prairies,
But for the butter to their bread they need New England dairies;
Of "cattle on a thousand hills" they ne'er can be possessed,
For Saddle Back is big enough for all the hills out West.

Her pork, if linked in sausages, and made into a chain,
Would reach, like Puck's, around the globe, and half way back again;
Her hundred acre fields of wheat, and corn so monstrous tall,
By these the nations might be fed, but then that isn't all:

When in the pleasant Sabbath morn the waving harvest swells,
The emigrant would like to hear New England's Sunday bells;
And when they want for school-ma'ams they must Governor Slade employ
To get a drove of Vermont girls to bring to Illinois.

And then the school-house, ten to one, is many miles away,
And so the flaxen-headed ones must stay at home and play;
Or while the mother boils the pot they roam around and plague her,
Or hovering in the corner sit, a shaking with the ager.

New England! aye, New England! my glory and my boast,
Adown thy hills, when I's a boy, O, how I used to coast;
Thy pleasant fields of living green, methinks I see them now,
And I upon my father's farm a-riding horse to plow.

Thou art the land of liberty, of valleys and of hills,
A land of men—where thought is free—of brooks and running rills;
'Tis there they keep Thanksgiving days and like to have them come,
When loving circles cluster round—I wish I was to hum.

OUT WEST, Oct., 1854. JEDEDIAH.

Ladies vs. Gentlemen.

A good deal has been said, and well said too; about men speaking of their wives as their "ladies." It would sound very ridiculous to hear a lady call her husband "my gentleman," would it not? or ask another lady "where her gentleman was?" when inquiring concerning her husband. One is just as bad taste as the other—giving up plain "husband" and plain "wife," and a plain way of calling people by their right names.

We shouldn't be at all surprised if that class of society, who hunt for roundabout ways to express their ideas, might, in a little while, when inquiring about one's sons and daughters, adopt such modes of expression as these:

"How is your eldest masculine offspring?" or, "How is your little female darling, who addresses you as parent?"

We can imagine one of these high-flown "unnatural" individuals addressing a complaint to a neighbor in the following language:

"My dear 'gentleman,' your specimen of the canine species was, by your youngest feminine Ethiopian bond-woman, set upon my 'lady's' feline pet; and had it not been for your eldest feminine Ethiopian bond-woman, it would, by compulsion, have been forced to depart this life."

There is a good deal of deserved satire in this: there is nothing in reality more vulgar than an affectation of high sounding language in cases where the employment of simple terms would not only be better, but more expressive. One often hears "burst" for bust, forehead changed to "forward," and the like, showing "villainous bad taste" in the man who uses it. "Let it be reformed altogether."

Printing Presses, Pulpits, and Petticoats.

These are the three great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would become a chaos again. The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious, but women sway all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there, neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the sunshine shed by women, the rose of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the engine of life, the great motive power of love, valor, and civilization. In proof of all this, truth in all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

☞ Diogenes is of the opinion that the best way of having your pocket picked when you are going into a crowd, is to pick it yourself before leaving home. The tightness of the money market just now takes away from the advice of Diogenes half its value, very few being able to pick their own pockets of anything worth taking.

☞ Illinois receives its name from "Illini," a confederacy of Indians consisting of Kaskians, Cahokies Peorians, Michiganians, and Temorias, who spoke the Miami language, and no doubt were branches of that nation. According to Father Hennepin, the word "Illini" signifies "a perfect and accomplished man."